

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

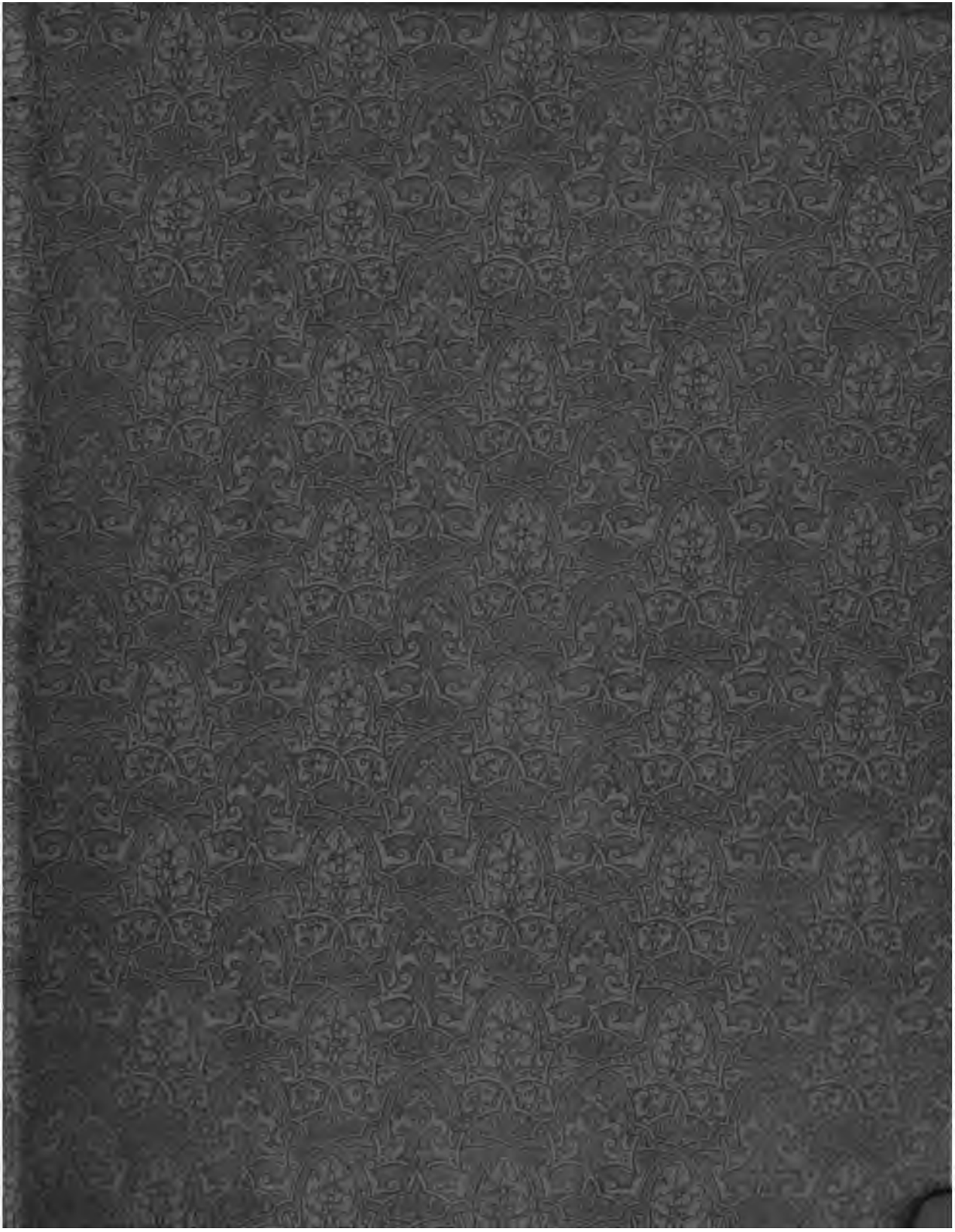
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



Francis Frederick Fox.



Law Summary 1978

79D



211 d. 504



A MOTHER'S MEMOIR.

" Oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a Voice that is still !"



"A MOTHER'S MEMOIR:"

BEING

A Fragmentary Sketch of the Life

OF THE LATE

EDITH ELIZABETH PYM.

BY

H. N. P.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."

" Friend after friend departs.
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest."

MONTGOMERY.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1878.


BODLEIAN
D
9SEP1953
LIBRARY

TO

MY WIFE

I Dedicate this Sketch

OF

A PURE AND SIMPLE LIFE,

THE BEAUTY OF WHICH SHE IS REPEATING

IN MY OWN HAPPY HOME.

H. N. P.

HARLEY STREET, *July* 2, 1878.

Only Fifty Copies of this Book printed,

Of which this is No. _____

1878.





PORTRAIT OF EDITH ELIZABETH PYM, *to face Title-page.*

PORTRAIT OF JOHN PYM . . . ,, *page* 19

THE HASELLS, BEDFORDSHIRE . ,, ,, 36





"We spend our days as a tale that is told."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints."

"The memory of the just is blessed."

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."



CONTENTS.

PAGE

PREFACE xix

CHAPTER I.

Lineage—American War—Death of Major Noble —Lord Nelson—Napoleon—Admiral Noble— His Marriage—His Children—His Death . 1

CHAPTER II.

Birth of Edith Elizabeth Noble — Her Character — Jersey — Marries Mr. John Nicolle — Her Children—Death of Mr. Nicolle—Widowhood —Second Marriage to Rev. W. W. Pym . . 13

CHAPTER III.

Willian Rectory—Her Husband's Friends—Jews' Society—Preaching Tours—Birth of Children —Mr. Pym's Poetical Powers 21

CHAPTER IV.

The Hasells—Francis Pym—Lines on him—Home Pursuits—Mr. Pym's Illness—St. Leonard's— Poems—Return Home—His Death . . . 33

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

Character of Rev. W. W. Pym—Widow Leaves Willian—Bedford—Death of Francis Pym—Robert Baxter—Horace goes to London . . 45

CHAPTER VI.

Brighton—Mrs. Pym moves to London—Sydney Nicolle—St. George's Road—Death of Captain Jeffrey Noble—Marriage of Daughter Annie—Montagu goes to New Zealand 55

CHAPTER VII.

Love of Books—Bedford Visits—Tindale—Illness—Bognor—Extracts from Journal—Florence's Engagement—Death of Tindale—Mrs. Pym's Grief and Increased Illness 65

CHAPTER VIII.

Horace's Illness—Visits America—His Return—Finds his Mother Sinking—Her Death . . 83

CHAPTER IX.

Her Burial — Last Wishes — Farewells to her Children—Last Lines 91

Conclusion 99



" LIFE is onward! Use it
With a forward aim:
Toil is heavenly, choose it,
And its warfare claim.
Leave not to another
To perform thy will:
Let not thine own brother
Keep thy warm hand still.

" Life is onward! Never
Look upon the past;
It would hold thee ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is thy dominion,
Weave it as thou please:
Bind not the Soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

" Life is onward! Try it
E'er the day be lost;
It has virtue, buy it
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every rarest gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

" Life is onward ! Heed it
In each varied dress :
Thine own art can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you,
Time waves not in vain ;
If Hope chaunt before you
Her prophetic strain.

" Life is onward ! Prize it
In sunshine and in storm :
Oh do not despise it
In its humblest form.
Hope and joy before you
Standing at the Goal ;
Through Life's stormiest weather
Beckons on the Soul."

—EMERSON.



PREFACE

" Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
She kept the noiseless tenor of her way."



IT has been well said that the history of the life of any human being, however humble and unknown, will, if truthfully told, prove of some interest and value to those who trouble to hear it, and who recognise the force of the line, "that the proper study of mankind is man."

Although the following sketch is of a life almost without incident, and in which no events of note approach to startle or amuse from its cradle to its grave, still the true record of

the life-journey of a loving child, a faithful wife, and a tender and devoted mother, may come with all the fragrance of a soft south wind, to some of those who struggle on amid the dust and ashes of our daily existence; whilst, to those who knew her, a fresh wave of loving recollections perchance may ripple to their feet, making them glad to have spoken and walked with one so pure and lovely in her earthly life.

When we note how many little human Life-boats start from the Cradle-land, and how few reach the further Shore in safety,—how many wrecks strew the sands of Time,—how much disaster of every kind overtakes even the best found vessels,

it is a cheer and solace to mark the onward course of One, who, sailing into the Sea of Life, passes in safety all its shoals and rocks, and securely drops anchor at last in the great Harbour of Refuge!

Of such an one will be found in the following pages, her own life telling its simple story, for "she being dead, yet speaketh."

H. N. P.



Chapter I.

" I love the sailor,—his eventful life,
His generous spirit, his contempt of danger,
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, and strife."

—DIBDIN.

A MOTHER'S MEMOIR.

IN the beginning of this century an old sea-captain, full of wounds and recollections, brought up a vigorous and handsome family in fair Devon; and many a time would his children's blood tingle with pleasure as their father recounted his adventures by flood and tide, or fought his battles o'er again by the side of his old beloved friend and commander, Horatio Nelson!

Admiral James Noble was the son of Major Isaac Noble and his wife Rachel de Joncourt, and was descended on the one side from the Bayards, one of the oldest and most distinguished American families, and on the other from the family of Noble, who have lived in Devon for the last two hundred years.

In the American War of Independence, Major Noble fought and distinguished himself as a volunteer for the King, and as such was killed by a scouting party near New York in the year 1778, when all his estates and property, saving only an old farmhouse, were forfeited to the States, his widow and children being left in the greatest distress.

But poor Rachel Noble soon found it impossible to dwell in peace in a land now containing so many enemies to her and her dead husband; and

with remarkable courage she soon afterwards left the old house, unattended and on foot, with her youngest child De Joncourt in her arms, intending to return and remove them all, one by one, to a place of safety.

The day after she had thus fled, her house was pillaged and destroyed by the Republicans, and her remaining children, James, Richard, and Louisa, taken away prisoners. It was thirteen weary months before they were released, during which time the uncertainty and anxiety of their mother as to their fate may be readily imagined.

Her children at last regained, Rachel Noble in 1780 returned with them all to England, where they received the most generous welcome from her sister's husband, Captain Wheelock, who was then living in the Tower of London, where he held an important post in the Ordnance Department.

In 1781, she obtained from the grateful Government of this country the munificent pension of £100 a-year, in recognition of her husband's services, losses, and death! and continued to reside at the Tower until the death of her brother-in-law, when she removed to Chelsea.

Whilst here, her three sons were educated at the then great naval colleges of Greenwich and Chelsea and sent to sea. The eldest, Richard, being afterwards lost in charge of "La Dorade," a corvette prize to H.M.S. "Clyde;" and another son, De Joncourt, dying in 1794 of yellow fever on board the "Vanguard."

James Noble, her last remaining boy, passed with equally high credit and character from ship to ship, and fought with the utmost bravery in most of the important sea engagements during our great war with France.

It was whilst serving on the "Agamemnon," under Horatio Nelson, that, being selected to carry despatches to the Austrian General at Savona, he was made prisoner and carried before the then Citizen-General Napoleon Bonaparte, by whom he was long and closely questioned, without however giving any material information to his distinguished examiner. How little he then thought what a career lay before that thin, powerful-faced young man, or how the world was to be swayed by his restless ambition!

After an imprisonment of nearly six months he was exchanged in the usual way, and was almost immediately afterwards severely and dangerously wounded in the throat by a musket-ball, Lord Nelson testifying to the fact, and to his own personal grief at what he feared was a mortal blow, in a letter sent by the hero to Sir John Jervis.

In another letter, written shortly after from Genoa, Lord Nelson adds: "I have great pleasure in saying my poor Lieutenant Noble is still alive, and we have some hope." This hope was mercifully realised, and James Noble continued to distinguish himself by his bravery in many subsequent actions, and in less than twelve months the following passage occurs in one of the despatches sent to the Commander-in-chief by the Commodore—

"'LA MINERVE,' PORTA FERRAJO,
December 23, '96.

"You will observe, Sir, I am sure with great regret, among the wounded, Lieutenant James Noble, who quitted the 'Captain' to serve with me, and whose repeated wounds, received in fighting the enemies of our country, entitle him to every reward a grateful nation can bestow.—Yours, &c.,

"HORATIO NELSON."

We next hear of him in the great battle of St. Vincent, where, as usual,

he was remarkable for his intrepid boldness, and from which action for a wonder he escaped unhurt. He was now by Lord Nelson's aid promoted to the rank of Commander, and was ordered home on sick leave to heal his wounds, regain lost strength, and to rest after his arduous labours.

Although the serious nature and effect of those wounds were specially reported upon to the Privy Council, and assurances of reward and employment made to Lord Nelson on his behalf, the Government absolutely failed to recognise in any manner the distinguished services of their brave servant.

In 1801 he married Sarah Lamb of Mountsfield, near Rye, who was one of the last descendants of the Earls of Llandaff, and went to live on the coast of Sussex. In 1802 he obtained the rank of captain, and the following

year his eldest son, Horatio Nelson, was born, Lord Nelson standing as his sponsor and giving the child his own distinguished names.

Soon after this Captain Noble removed with his now rapidly-increasing family to Bishop's Teynton in Devon, and whilst here received the blood-stirring intelligence of the glorious battle of Trafalgar, won, however, at the bitter cost of its great Commander's life! His old friend and messmate, Sir T. M. Hardy, Lord Nelson's flag-captain on that memorable day, writing to him as follows—

"'VICTORY,' *November*, 1805.

"MY DEAR NOBLE,—The loss we have in common met with has been great, indeed irreparable. He frequently spoke of you, and regretted very much that it had been out of his power to get you afloat. However, had he fortunately survived the 21st, you would not have been forgotten.—Yours, &c.,

"T. M. HARDY."

Captain Noble in due time became the father of seven sons and three daughters, four of these fine lads pre-deceasing him. The youngest girl was called Edith Elizabeth, and is the one of whom we tell. In the usual course of events Captain Noble attained the rank of admiral, and lived to a hale and hearty old age, dying on the 24th October 1851, always bravely awaiting the last summons, whenever it should come, saying, as he had always said when serving his beloved country, "I am ready!"

Such was the worthy father of a worthy child, a pure and simple-hearted old hero, content to fight for Fatherland for the bare honour, doing his duty, and leaving the just recompense, to which he was so fully entitled, to the consideration of those who very carefully neglected giving it any!

The following lines to his memory

were written after his death by his daughter Edith—

"Weep not, I pray thee, for the much-loved dead,
Though from my sadden'd heart all joy seems fled;
His pilgrimage is o'er, no more to roam;
His soul hath found its rest,—its long, last home.
And though no star bedeck'd his gallant breast,
On British hearts his story is impress'd;
And though no title gilds his honour'd name,
His blood-stained laurels speak his deathless fame.
Neglected though he lived, neglected died,
Those withered laurels are his children's pride.
He yet will wear a more enduring Crown,
Where titled honours are of small renown.
His gallant course is run, lost to our sight,
He dwells, untroubled now, in dazzling Light."

Chapter II.

" You are my true and honourable wife :
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."—SHAKESPEARE.

II.

THIS daughter, Edith Elizabeth, the special subject of this little book, was born on the 10th of December 1811, at Bishop's Teynton. Like the rest of her family, she was remarkable for personal grace and beauty, which in her case was heightened by a natural vivacity and charm peculiarly her own, and which, through all the years of her life, never failed her. A wonderful quickness of perception was in her allied to a most lively wit and humour, which was

the more attractive, being combined with so much outward comeliness. A strong veneration for the memory of Lord Nelson, who as her father's friend and sea-mate was an old familiar name in her home, ever distinguished her. In 1818, she lost her mother, a bitter grief to this young sensitive girl, and to her memory she always clung with constant and sacred affection. Time was good to her, as he is to so many thousands of the sorrowful; the wound closed sufficiently to be bearable, and the sun shone again upon the pathway of her life. She grew up a tall beautiful maiden, fairly educated at home, her powers of quick observation and deep love of reading doing the rest.

About this time her father left Devon for Jersey, and during his residence there she became engaged to be married to Mr. John Nicolle, a

member of the ancient Jersey family of that name. After a patiently-borne probation of three years, she was married to him at Barnstaple, where Admiral Noble had returned to live, the young couple going back to that beautiful little Channel Island where first they met, and where six happy years of wedded life succeeded.

Those years were uneventful, good and happy years generally are, being mainly marked during their quiet progress by the welcome arrival of three dear babes, two of whom lived to grow up and repay, by unfailing love and solicitude, their mother's tender care.

In 1839 Mr. Nicolle was suddenly taken ill, and in seven days was dead! His poor widow, but then recovering from her last confinement, was, as may be imagined, terribly crushed and bowed down by such a

cruel, unexpected blow, and it needed all her fortitude and Christian reliance to face anew a world now grown so sad to her and her fatherless children.

To her naturally warm, reliant nature, there was an apparent coldness and want of sympathy in the hearts of many of her late husband's family, although this was more than atoned for by a few firm and faithful friends amongst them, whose solicitude and love never failed her. Of these, Anne Nicolle, a first cousin of her dead husband's, endeared herself more especially by her loving devotion and tender sympathy through all the chances and changes of her ensuing life, thereby commencing a friendship which continued until death divided them. Her children were increasing in stature and wisdom, her boy Sydney, in particular, giving every promise of that pure high-toned manhood, of that



self-sacrificing and generous nature, of that devoted love for his mother, which, as years rolled by, developed itself so clearly and tenderly, and which to her was an unceasing, unfailing fountain of comfort; and as those who know him can testify, continueth even unto this day in all its beautiful fulness and intensity.

A widow's lot at six-and-twenty is perforce a helpless one. All her brothers and sisters were scattered and settled in life, some were dead, and her father had married again, and after leading her solitary life for four years, she was intensely interested and moved by the remarkable and beautiful characteristics of the Rev. William Wollaston Pym, a younger son of an old Bedfordshire squire, and a lineal descendant of the great English Patriot, who happened in the year 1843 to be preaching at

St. Helier's for his old friend Dean Jeune, afterwards the well-known and excellent Bishop of Peterborough.

Mr. Pym was a man remarkable alike for his eloquence, godliness, and charm of appearance and manner, and, though a widower with twelve children, a very serious consideration to a young and delicate woman of thirty, he proposed and was accepted, —all difficulties seeming to disperse themselves, and so they were shortly afterwards married in Jersey by the good Dean, and started for England for their wedding trip.



Chapter III.

" Living jewels dropp'd unstained from heaven."
—POLLOK.



III.

HER new home was the Rectory House in a pretty village called Willian, near Hitchen, in the county of Hertford, which proved a pleasant rambling bungalow sort of dwelling, surrounded by some hundred acres of woods, gardens, and glebe-land. The church was an interesting one and the living comfortable, having been presented to Mr. Pym by his brother, the Squire, who lived at the Hasells, a Bedford-

shire estate of his, situate some dozen miles away.

It was some time before the new wife found the hearts of her step-children warm towards her; that they did so at last is no less creditable to them than to the tact and love with which its young mistress guided her domestic realm.

In her husband she found an unfailing store of bright talent and affectionate companionship. As an extempore preacher he was unrivalled, as many still living can testify; a ripe scholar, combining knowledge of the world, exquisite refinement and strong poetical feeling, with a purity of life, an eloquence and fascination in conversation, a devout humility in religion, and a perfect trust in God in everything, which never left him and never failed him.

A man so natured could not fail to bring around him dear and distintinguished friends; and amongst the many who formed this interesting circle may be named—Edward Bickersteth, Canon Birks, the late Duke of Manchester, Robert Baxter, Wilson Carus, Lord Ashley, Valentine Edwards, Francis, seventh Duke of Bedford, Edward Burr, and others: to whom he now introduced his new wife, who was by one and all equally appreciated and admired, and who found amongst them friendships which lasted with their lives.

The great interest which her husband took in the Jews' Society caused him to hold his services at all times at their disposal; and in many and various directions was his eloquent tongue raised, to appeal for this great people, with a power and a charm unfailing in its results. Upon these

preaching tours his wife often accompanied him, and a mingled feeling of pride and admiration would fill her when she saw the vast multitudes crowding to hear his 'winged words.' Sometimes it was barely possible for the preacher to make a way through the gathered throng from the vestry to the pulpit; but those who heard never forgot, and his memory is still kept green in many faithful hearts.

In 1844 a son was born to them, and called Horatio Noble, in memory of Lord Nelson and of the uncle to whom Lord Nelson had given both his names. During the nine happy years to which, alas, their married life was destined to be limited, two daughters and another son were also given them. These children are now all married and happily settled, bearing with each of them a bright reflection of their Mother's lovely life which

guided them so tenderly, as far as it was permitted to do, upon their respective earthly roads.

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of Mr. Pym's conversational power, or of the magic effect of his eloquence, but it may not be amiss if we take this opportunity of printing a few of the many beautiful lines he was in the habit of writing for his wife and others, and which by her loving care have been carefully preserved and rescued from an oblivion they did not deserve.

A common evening amusement at home was the well-known game of "Lavater," when a riddle or question being given, each person at once replies in the best verse or rhymes he can command at such sudden notice. Of course there is no limit to the general badness of lines evolved under such circumstances, but the happy way in

which these were always without an effort scribbled down by Mr. Pym is, perhaps, fairly shown in the following examples. The question was,

"Why is your babe like a cow's tail?" To which he replied,

"I marvel what analogy can be,
My pretty babe, 'twixt a cow's tail and thee!
But from the learned oftentimes we hear
That strange conjunctions in the heavens appear;
And if to such the very heavens give birth,
Why should we wonder at these things on earth?
Hence I conclude the inquirer to have meant
That thou and it alike are *de-pendent!*
If this be wrong, I add one reason more,
The tail and thou were never seen before!"

Another question was the old riddle of, "When is a lady's neck not a neck?" which brought forth the equally well-known reply thus prettily arranged—

"I pray you lift your eyes on high,
And contemplate the starry sky,
And mark the planets as they roll—
Thy face towards the Northern pole;
And you shall find your answer there,
For you will see *a little bear!*"

So, when given a poetical charade—

"My first's a little busy thing,
My second ladies do,—
Impelled by love their flight to wing.
My whole say, Where are you,
An animal of swiftest pace,
Endowed with beauty, strength, and grace?"

We find this graceful reply—

"Go to the *ant*, thou sluggard, and be wise!
Is one inquiry to your three replies.
And, if there's truth in what the gossips say,
That love-sick maidens sometimes run away
In such *elope*-ments, tell me, do I see
The answer to another of the three?
Then, in the *antelope*, methinks, I find
Your first and second in the third combined

Perhaps it is hardly fair to print such trifles, as on higher subjects his

real power is more apparent, as the following lines on "Affliction" will show—

"What is affliction? Mercy's voice
Calling the wand'rer home.
Whose steps till then in folly's ways
Have hardly ceased to roam.

"What is affliction? Wisdom's school,
In which the heart is taught
Lessons divine which Jesus Christ
From heaven to earth has brought.

"What is affliction? God's own proof
That He has loved us well;
Sure sign that with Him, as His sons,
We shall for ever dwell.

"What is affliction? 'Tis the seal
Of our conformity
To Christ who, suffering once, now reigns
In blest eternity."

We cannot better close this chapter than by quoting some verses written on "Earthly Friendship," in which he gives the palm so gracefully to that wedded happiness he had tried and had not found wanting—

"When travelling through this vale of tears,
We bend beneath our load of grief,
The voice of Friendship will be heard
In soothing accents of relief.

"When sickness lays his feverish hand
Upon this tenement of clay,
Friendship will hasten to our couch,
And wait, and weep, and watch, and pray.

"When to the sufferer health returns,
And peace with healing on its wings,
High does the pulse of Friendship beat,
And voice of Friendship sweetly sings.

"But where's the friend like her who's bound
By ties the holiest and the best?
Where's earthly love compared with that
Which beams within the good Wife's heart?

"To 'wedded love' the palm belongs,
Nor happier rival need it fear,
Friendship must yield her place to thee,
And own she's not thy fit compeer."



Chapter IV.

" It matters not at what hour of the day
The Righteous fall asleep : Death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die :
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven :
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

—MILMAN.

IV.

TRAVELLING on the Great Northern Railway, may be noticed to the right of Sandy Station a fair estate, beautifully wooded, and remarkable for its Scotch firs and the comparatively hilly nature of the ground. This is the Hasells, one of the Pym family seats, where Mr. Pym was born, and lived until his marriage, and which was always during life his favourite resting-place. The deep affection which existed between his brother Francis, the Squire, and himself making it still more plea-

sant, whilst Lady Jane, his brother's wife, vied with her husband in the warmth of welcome always accorded him.

Mr. Francis Pym was the very picture of what an old English country squire should be. Just before his death, in 1869, the subject of this memoir wrote the following lines upon him; he having always proved himself an unfailing friend to her and her children—

"Deeply imbued with Christian grace,
With goodness stamp'd upon thy face;
Sweet-tempered, generous, just, and true,—
Love and respect from all, thy due.

"I love thee well, for oft I trace
Resemblance to a loved lost face,
A kindred spirit, now at rest,
Who next his God lov'd thee the best.

"When death shall dim thy failing sight,
Christ bear thee up to heaven's own light,
To join the ransom'd and forgiven,
Who, when on earth, had prayed and striven.



"Well hast thou borne thy meed of sorrow,
There dawns for thee a brighter morrow;
Then let not sadness bow thee down,
Think on thy promised, blood-bought crown.

"When called to pass dark Jordan's shore,
Never to sin or sorrow more,
Oh may His guiding staff and rod
Bear thee in safety to thy God!"

The usual duties of a country parson's wife fell to Mrs. Pym's lot, and, by her unfailing sympathy and care for the poor, by her cheerful and sunny presence amongst them, whether at village-feast or in hushed sick-room, she soon built up around her a strong wall of their affectionate regard and respect.

Always deeply impressed by every passing event affecting their lives, she also had an extended affection for her horses, dogs, Alderney cows, and all the ordinary pets of a country-house; and the necessity of ending

the days of an old blood-horse of her husband's gave her a real grief, which afterwards expressed itself in the following characteristic lines—

"A gallant old horse was led forth to die—
To be shot in the Wym'ly mead;
He stood boldly facing the enemy
Preparing his gun for the deed.

"With a cloth they essayed to blind his eyes,
He reared as he shook it away,
The old blood-horse was resolved to die
In the bright sunny blaze of day.

"He mov'd not a foot, though the gun, so near,
Was held but two feet from his head,
The ringing report was heard sharp and clear,
And the gallant old horse fell dead.

"He stood like the Marshal of France of old,
Who knew that for him life was o'er,
Whom the musketeers faced, unbound, and bold,
'Till the earth was red with his gore.

"Gallant old Charlie, now at rest,—
Fleet, thoroughbred, beautiful steed!
Light lie the turf on your mettlesome breast
In your grave in the Wym'ly mead."

And so, in the healthy tone of her new life did the years roll by. In 1852 her husband's failing health, arising from over-work, caused in his wife and friends the deepest anxiety. Under the able advice which was at once summoned, change of air and total cessation from all work and anxiety (that usual prescription when it is too late) was ordered, and accompanied by his little son Horace, then about eight years of age, and his doctor, he left home for St. Leonard's, in order to be under the tender and skilful care of his old friend Dr. Norwood, a very well-known resident there for many years.

It soon, however, became evident that he was not to get better, and that he had received his Master's summons to leave the scene of his labours and go Home. His devoted wife, who had, after a little, joined

him at the sea, now accompanied him back to Willian, where he wished to end his earthly days.

Some lines of his, although written years before this last illness, may well be quoted here, full as they are of solemn thought couched in the most poetic form—

"Oft have I heard the parting knell,
Resounding from that deep-toned bell,
Which said, 'A soul is gone!'
But seldom have I said, 'My soul,
For thee, perchance, that bell may toll,
And who can say how soon?'

"Oft have I seen the open grave
Waiting its prisoner to receive
Until the day of doom.
But seldom have I said, 'Prepare,
My flesh, for shortly thou must share
The chamber of the tomb!'

"Oft have I seen the funeral trains
Following the dead and loved remains
Of father, husband, friend.

But oh! how backward have I been,
Amid the things which I have seen,
To realise my end!

"O God! my drowsy sense awake,
More like Thyself my spirit make
By all I hear and see.
That, when my parting knell shall toll,
My blood-bought and rejoicing soul
May rise to dwell with Thee!"

On his return home, his weakness rapidly increased, and the few weeks of time left him were taken up by farewells to dear old friends who hastened to gather round him, tender counsels to his heart-broken wife, many last words of loving help and guidance to his children, to each of whom he gave a Bible, "with its millions of surprises," as old Herbert well puts it, inscribing, with much physical effort, in each, the name of its recipient and the words "A Father's best gift to his child."

The following verses, of which he

was always fond, he would often repeat on his bed of suffering :—

"Up and away! like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"My name, and my place, and my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief race of Time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the Crown that for me has been won,—
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

"Up and away! like the odours of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on,
So be my life, a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done."

In his wife's Journal, to which as we proceed we shall often refer, she says—

"His death was a triumph over the Evil One, who did his best, a week or two before the end, to disquiet him; but all was peace at last,—peace that the Lord alone can give. A few nights before his death, he said to me, as I was sitting with him about twelve o'clock at night, 'What is that rustling noise?' I replied, 'I hear nothing but the sighing of the trees.' 'There,' he said again, 'did you not hear?' I opened the doors for him to show that there was no sound in the house, but as he still appeared to hear it, I replied, 'It is the rustling of the angels' wings waiting to bear you up to heaven.' 'Sweet thought!' he murmured, falling into a gentle slumber. The last word on his dying lips was 'Jesus,' as he pressed my hand, I having repeated in his ear the words, 'When I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will be with thee.'

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground."

Thus the hours speeded on, all pain and suffering being swallowed up in the foretaste of Heaven, which

seemed to descend upon him; and murmuring thanks to God and words of love for his Saviour, on the 4th of September 1852 he entered into his Eternal Rest. To him might Shakespeare's exquisite words be well applied—

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter rages;
Thou, thy earthly work hath done,—
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages."



Chapter V.

"See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's veil!
Alone she wanders where with him she trod,
No arm to stay her, but she leans on God."

—O. W. HOLMES.



V.

IT is well said, that "that life is long which answers life's great end," and it may be remarked how fully the value and beauty of Mr. Pym's earthly pilgrimage shone out, after he had gone hence, upon those sorrowing ones left behind; and how, on regarding the perfection of his course, the grief became assuaged and the tears dried, to wait on for "a little while," becoming at once the comfort and pleasure of the poor widow. His life in all its labour for others, in all

its pure Christian simplicity, its utter faith on Him in whose service he lived and died, proving how fully his earthly career had answered "life's great end."

The widow and her children had now to seek a fresh home; and a bitter pang it was to leave all those dear, simple, affectionate village-folk; but the wrench had to be made, and was faced with that courage she was so capable of without a murmur. A temporary home at the Hasells was at once generously made for the children, whilst their mother went to Bedford to find a suitable house for their reception—that good old town offering its great advantages of education for her children, whilst its proximity to the Hasells made it additionally attractive.

Mr. Pym's family, by his first marriage, were either at public schools, or

taken to live with other relatives, and having now each become possessed of a fortune, sufficient if small, from their dead mother, they were enabled to follow as they thought fit their various courses.

One of Mrs. Pym's most charming characteristics was, perhaps, her winning manner and happy tact in dealing with her inferiors in birth or station; tradesmen and servants would at all times gladly do more at her bidding, and feel better rewarded by her gentle courteous thanks, than by giving far better-paid services to others of more imperious ways.

Her strict punctuality in all money matters was most exact, and was an excellent and invaluable example around her. She had an absolute horror of incurring any debt whatever, deeming it a strict duty to make her income, however small, sufficient for

all her household's wants. With this intention before her, she would, every December, carefully apportion, under each necessary head of expenditure, the amount she thought could properly be spared to meet it during the ensuing year, and by a wise economy, tempered with a full and gracious generosity, she found the widow's cruise unfailing, whilst that continuing peace, which the knowledge of freedom from debt bestows, was always with her. Such wise and thrifty lessons thus early taught to her children were found by them, as years increased, unfailing guides and helps through life.

The excellent Bedford schools educated Mrs. Pym's two boys, whilst her girls found equal advantages from governesses in the same town. Her daughter Edith Nicolle in 1857 became the happy wife of Henry Wilson

Sharpin, the eminent medical man of that place, and who with their children still reside there. The Hasells and its kind owner always made a lovely resting-place from time to time; and so the years slipped peacefully by until 1860, when the death of Mr. Francis Pym once more brought sorrow and mourning into the little Bedford home. His death was a great grief to all who knew him. He had always "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy," and this sorrow was increased by the terrible death of his eldest son Francis Leslie Pym, who had succeeded to the family estates, and who was, within a fortnight of his father's death, killed at Hatfield in an accident on the Great Northern Railway, leaving a widow and large family of young children.

It was at this time that Mrs. Pym received from her late husband's old friend, Robert Baxter of Westminster,

the generous offer to take her son Horace into his office, and bring him up to the profession of the law.

To part from any of her children, even for a little, was at all times a pang; but children must learn to earn their own bread, and to beat out a pathway in life for themselves, and unless boys in early years use their heads and hands, they cannot expect to see in due course any practical result to their labour. And so the opportunity was seized, with the gratitude it deserved, and Horace with his worldly possessions (a slender stock, we fear, when all told!) started for good old London town, that Eldorado of youth, that Battle-field of manhood, that Treasury for old age, to make his fortune.

It was doubtless an experiment, and one not unattended with grave peril, to launch a lad of fourteen, alone, into

the vortex of the Great Babylon, there to leave him, in all the strange liberty of lodgings, to make out a way through the darkness. But his mother's prayers, and his good friend's constant and watchful care, prevailed, and the experiment proved a success, which she was fortunately spared to see and rejoice in.

This success was in all respects due to the unwearying, unchanging kindness shown him by Mr. Baxter, to say nothing of the enormous advantage it was for a young man, entering into life, to be daily associated with one so remarkable for intellect, legal acumen, and deep general knowledge, added to which was his saintly and broad-minded character. The hospitable doors of his house were always open to his young portegé; and a lad must have been either very foolish or very bad who would fail of success in a pro-

fession so fully and generously taught him. Mr. Baxter's remarkable career and beautiful purity and simplicity of life are, however, too well known to require even these few words; suffice it to say, that what he did for the son of his old friends fell on a grateful soil, and the boy he so generously benefited, has no greater regard and affection than that which he bears for this distinguished and excellent man.

Mrs. Pym never mentioned his name without invoking a blessing on him, and it was one of her last wishes that he should be asked to pray for her when ill, and to follow her body to the grave, both of which he did, evincing in every way the same friendship which even Death's cold hand could not disturb.



Chapter VI.

"Conquer we shall, but we must first contend,
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end."
—HERRICK.





VI.

HAVING lived happily in Bedford for about nine years, Mrs. Pym next went to Brighton, only remaining there, however, for some twelve months, as her sons now being in London, she wisely determined to move there, and make one home for all. This she did, first in a little house in Claverton Street, and afterwards, at No. 83 Saint George's Road, Warwick Square, where she remained until her death.

Her son Sydney Nicolle had had considerable expectations from his

father's family, but misfortune overtaking them, all had been lost; and he consequently left Jersey for London, there to re-commence life and earn bread. He at once obtained an appointment as one of the Financial Secretaries to the International Exhibition of 1862, a post of the greatest responsibility and trust, and which, it is needless to say, he filled to the entire and cordial satisfaction of the committee and all others concerned; and when this work ceased other came to his hand.

The little home in Saint George's Road was a very happy one, containing a most united family, who had pleasant tastes for book-collecting and other equally agreeable modes of making their house attractive.

Happy though Mrs. Pym undoubtedly was at this time, still it was a happiness in which the actualities of

this world were always closely allied with the hopes of the next; and at Christmas time, or on the birth of a new year, she would sometimes repeat the following old lines, familiar to her since childhood, but the reality of which now came with deeper meaning to her heart,—

"To me, fading year, thou hast not been unkind,
Though thy glimpses of sunshine were few,
I met with thee calmly,
Part from thee resigned,
Nor breathe one regret with 'adieu,'
For thanks to thy speed, my pilgrimage here
By so much is shortened,—
Then fare-thee-well Year!"

Her love for her children is shown in every page of her Journal, much of which is almost too sacred for publication. At times she speaks of an intense dread of losing any of them, but soon recovers this fear, remembering that in all probability it is she

herself who will be called away first—

"He will not take them yet," she says. "I am nearing my own end, and Jesus is preparing me for that, leading me gently to the brink of the grave. He will take me—

'Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Oh! Lamb of God, I come!'"

It was about this period that she lost her brother Captain Jeffrey Noble, R.N., of Dover, who there held, amongst other appointments, the post of Deputy of the Cinque Ports, and who was a very popular and genial officer.

And now the changes that are unavoidable, in even the closest-bound families, began to fall in rapid succession upon this little household. First, her daughter, Rose Annie, became most happily engaged and married to Philip Frederick Rose, the

eldest son of Sir Philip Rose of Rayners; and her mother was spared to see her surrounded by her own little children, and to witness the unanimity and contentment which rewarded her choice. Then her youngest son Montagu, having completed his school education, and finding the restraint of a London merchant's office irksome to his naturally roving spirit, left for New Zealand, where he still resides, married, successful, and happy.

The diminished home-circle continued on, however, in the same quiet lines, her sons succeeding in the business of life, and her remaining unmarried daughter Florence being always with her to tend and cherish. It is now we find the following touching words in her Journal:—

"The most bitter pang to me in dying will be the thought of how my darlings will miss me. Horace told me the other day that I had

made home so happy to them. I have tried to do so, I always meet them with a smile on their return home, if ever so ill. It was sweet to hear him say so. As Schiller says—

"'Thou, Holy One, hasten Thy child to recall.
I have known earth's bliss: I have tasted all,
Lost all, I have lived, I have loved!'"

Her daughter Annie soon after had the grief of losing her eldest-born child "Daisy," a delightful infant full of the greatest promise and beauty, whose taking hence was a poignant sorrow to many beyond the circle of her own home. Her little form was laid in its resting-place in the Brompton Cemetery, beside whose grave we shall, before we end these pages, again find ourselves standing in all the dumbness of grief.

And now let us pause awhile regarding with some interest and affection this little home with all its tender attractions, and we see the children,

whether at home or abroad, vieing with each other in care and love for that sweet mother, who, supported by their solicitude, feels with exemplary patience and fortitude warnings of approaching illness, not to be lightly disregarded; but, looking beyond the grave, rejoices in the glory of the Promised Land.





Chapter VII.

" Her saintly patience doth not fail—
She keepeth watch till morn."
—GERALD MASSEY.



VII.

PERHAPS of all so-called 'manias,' that of book-collecting is the best and highest. Who ever heard of any one, except, perhaps, the late Thomas Frognall Dibden, who, however, combined publishing with book-buying, which did the mischief, coming to ruin over this pursuit. Book-collectors are, we maintain, sober, honest folk, much given to staying at home by nights, and of prowling by day amongst the by-lanes and old shops, in the fond hope of discovering trea-

sures! They drink not, neither do they swear, nor do we ever remember hearing of a book-hunter who beat his wife, or starved his children, but 'tall' copies and rare editions have, we fear, before now, under temporary pressure, been perforce transmuted into necessary food for little ones.

China and curiosity collecting have their charms, but the risks and difficulties are greater, whilst the intellectual result is infinitely less, the satisfaction of possession bestowed, certainly running in a far shallower stream.

To the picture and print collector may be allowed the second place of honour in the race, unless indeed, as many think, it is so closely allied and bound up with the pursuit of books, as to really form but part of that most amiable weakness.

It may be further observed, that whereas a man who ruins himself by card-playing, horses, betting and such-like physical pleasures, is never considered other than a fine fellow, a jolly dog (and we all remember how the shrewd, if shrewish, wife of Rip Van Winkle defined this), fond of sport and a thorough Englishman; the wretch who spends, in all due moderation, his time, taste, and money in gathering together his beautiful 'cabinets of reason,' and goodly tomes of wit and art, of wisdom and knowledge, the world, with vacant laugh or angry sneer, can only dub him forsooth—a bibliomaniac!

One of the most distinct characteristics of the Saint George's Road house was the almost universal presence of books. Folios and duodecimos, quartos and octavos, spreading to every chamber; books just fresh

from the binders, proud of their new coats, looking disdainfully at piles of ragged-backed volumes, whose tattered coverings were soon to be in like manner gaily transformed. At last, the question, where the fresh cargoes continually arriving were to find a resting-place, became a serious and oft-recurring one, but, like some kind of inky inundation, they still poured in and filled every nook. In these books Mrs. Pym found the greatest pleasure. She had excellent and unimpaired eye-sight; but although, by dint of great practice, a very rapid reader, it was, nevertheless, astonishing how many and how varied were the volumes she perused.

Each year she made a visit to her daughter at Bedford, there to be welcomed by all with the greatest affection and delight.

She much enjoyed the society of a

very dear friend of her son's, the late Thomas Plumpton Tindale. He was a young man of infinite promise and talent; and who, although only twenty-four years of age or thereabouts, made the most abstruse subjects of study his amusement, and found in Saint George's Road much that was congenial to his taste, both in his hosts and in their library. He was an orphan, and being an only son of parents who had been themselves only children, was absolutely without that, in most cases, questionable blessing, relations. A deep regard sprang up in Mrs. Pym's heart for this lonely, clever, big-hearted boy; whilst he, on his side, seemed to find in her some portion of that mother's love he had lost so soon, and for which he yearned with such an inexpressible yearning. He knew he carried with him the certainty of an early death; but this

knowledge neither damped the ardour with which he studied, nor the high spirit and zest with which he entered into life's other enjoyments.

It was in the early part of 1873 that certain distressing symptoms of the disease, which afterwards proved fatal to Mrs. Pym, appeared in such a way as to cause apprehension; but, under the good advice of her son-in-law, Henry Sharpin, a certain prescribed diet was attempted, and the pure sea-air of Bognor tried.

When strength is failing, and the heart is as water, the spirit more than ever pines for space and air, is restless to get away from houses and people, and all the Babel sounds of the busy town—and for this yearning the sea is almost always the best antidote; its storm and calm, its sense of space, the booming of its waters, and its illimitable grandeur and infinite pathos,

alike appealing to, and satisfying the weary one, who is perchance so rapidly nearing the ocean of eternity.

And so it was with our dear invalid; each spring and summer now found her strength fast ebbing away, whilst the weakness of flesh became so great, that "the grasshopper was a burden," but the salt foam of the great waves, as they broke at her feet, worked wonders in restoring, if only temporally, her gradually enfeebling frame.

She would pass hours sitting in a sort of natural couch made in the shingle of the sea-beach, carefully wrapped in shawls, and never weary of listening to the voice of the mighty sea. Whilst here she would make the acquaintance of many of the fine fishermen of the coast, who gain a precarious living by their nets. They always had a bright smile and kindly

word from "the sick lady," who loved to talk and sympathise with these good fisher-folk, listening with unaffected interest and well-appreciated sympathy to their little histories, so full of tragedy as many of them are.

When the time came round for her to return to London, a bountiful farewell feast was provided for them by her wish, at the house where she was staying, who with their wives and families were full of gratitude for her kindly thought for them, and of whom they still speak in affectionate tones of regret.

As health fluctuated about this time, we find many interesting entries in her Journal, from which we select the following passages:—

"1873, *March.*—I am weary of life, 'the grasshopper is a burden;' still must I wait the Lord's pleasure."

"Better again, after many weary days and nights of pain,—wishing, not struggling, to be free."

"*April.*—How good God is to me. I have done as Mr. Rowley Hill told me—asked God in mercy to take away the exceeding great dread which possesses me of the pain of dying—the rending asunder of soul and body, and I think He has heard my prayer. Satan knows my weakness, and will not fail to fill me with faithless coward fears, but he cannot touch me without the Lord's permission,—my Master and his!

"O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will;
I will lie still;
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest."

"*April.*—My darling boys, they have made life so pleasant to me, may God repay them for all their love and care. My dear little Monty, my prayers ascend for thee to heaven daily that God may keep thee in all thy ways. Shall I ever see him again? I think not; but we shall meet before the Throne of God."

"*May.*—Some days I feel unutterably weak, and know that I am gradually drawing near the end. I am ready, Lord, I am ready to leave all at Thy call. The fear of death is leaving me. What unspeakable mercy!"

"*June.*—I am better. I was going to say I am sorry, but I must bide the Lord's time."

"*July.*—Much better; indeed, quite well for me. My boys make life so pleasant to me, with all their loving care and wealth of love. May God requite and bless them! 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.'"

Her youngest daughter Florence, about this time, became engaged to her present husband, the Rev. John Edward Loughnan, although any idea of leaving her mother by an immediate marriage never crossed her mind. Still, this happiness was a rest and solace to her during the terrible suffering of which she was to be a pained witness in the ensuing two years.

With the end of 1873 came a re-

lapse, followed by many months of weary confinement to her bed and room. When able to be moved, Bognor was re-visited, and again did that wonderful air restore and revive the poor invalid, although to a much more limited extent than hitherto. She was accompanied on these visits by her faithful and affectionate friend and attendant Ann Pickersgill, for whose unceasing care for their mother her children will always feel a deep debt of gratitude; and her daughter or one of her sons alternately took their place beside her.

On her return home in the latter part of the year, we find many entries in the Journal, showing how small the improvement had been this time—

"*November* 9, 1873. — I am weaker and thinner, — significant symptoms. Shall I be alive this time two years? This time one year? I think not. I am in the hands of the Lord. I

only pray that my faith may not fail me in my hour of agony. Why dwell on the agony,—I may pass away in sleep."

"*November* 16.—I was thinking of my Anne Nicolle last night, and how we have loved each other. There is something very beautiful in such friendship. Johnson says, 'Those that have loved longest love best.' To be loved as tenderly as Anne has loved me was something that kept my soul out of the dust through the heat and burden of many a sorrowful day. It is a glory to be so loved on earth. To meet again in heaven. I owe her much. When God smote me, she came whispering words of peace."

"*November* 30.—My darling Monty's birthday. God bless and keep you, dear one!"

"*January* 1, 1874.—Another year gone! I am quite well, I think; how long will it last? 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.' I cannot say all I think, but a prayer is often in my heart though voiceless."

"*March* 29.—Tindale coming to see me today. I love that clever boy. My own darling boys, their love and care is very precious to me. At times I can only cry over it, and pray God to bless them more and more."

"*June* 21.—This time last year I was dying. So ill that no one expected to see me again, but here I am still,—well, but not strong.

'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.'

I must not say I am sorry to be better, but I long to go home to be with my Saviour; but I must wait."

"*July* 11.—The heat is killing me, making me feel so ill. I pray to be released from this weary world. When shall I go? Doctors cannot stay me when God says, 'Come.' My time is known to Him. If I might but know how long I have to weary on, I would try and be patient, and not long so much for the Golden Courts. In spite of all the loving-kindness of my darling children I long to go."

In the last week of December of this year she became much worse; acute inflammation of the lungs being added to her other difficulties.

Her precarious state was further increased by the sudden illness and

death of Mr. Tindale who, in his twenty-sixth year, died at Brighton on the 30th of January 1875. The intelligence of his death could not be kept from her, and her grief on hearing it was piteous, and left her terribly prostrated. In her Journal, she writes with rapidly weakening hand almost its last entry—

"Have had a heavy loss in the death of dear Tom Tindale; he is safe, and I shall soon see him again. Dear boy, only twenty-five, and happy in the presence of his Lord!"

She found strength to write also the following farewell lines, the last that were to be written by her:—

"Thou art gone from this earth, whom my heart held so dear,
Thou art gone from a world full of woe.
And silently, sobbingly falls the sad tear,—
Thou so young, yet so willing to go!

"For me, while life lasts, shall thy memory dwell
Deep down in this old loving heart.

With thy God and thy Saviour we know all
is well,
But oh, it was hard, dear, to part.

"Peace, then, to thine ashes, unbroken thy
rest;
Kind, generous, high-minded boy,
Thou art taken from trouble, and rest on
Christ's breast.
We grieve, but with thee all is joy."





Chapter VIII.

" A kiss for one friend,
And a word for two,
Good-by !
A lock that you must send,
A kindness you must do,
I must die." —C. ROSETTI.



VIII.

THE weary months to the dear sufferer crept by in 1875 full of increasing pain and weakness, but all unable to shake that fortitude or sap that cheerfulness which, between the paroxysms of agony, always broke forth triumphant.

Her children passed many precious hours of each day and night by her side, treasuring up every word that fell from her lips; and so, at last, summer was reached.

The shock of his friend Tindale's death, and the continuing anxiety

caused by his mother's state, made it absolutely necessary that her son Horace should at once take a sea voyage to recover his shaken health. Before leaving for the United States, he once more carefully carried his mother to Bognor, and saw her comfortably established there in a pleasant sea-looking house; after which he started on his Atlantic journey, promising to return to her by a fixed hour on a certain day.

It was with a heavy heart that he tore himself away from her side, and nothing but the absolute certainty that the most fatal consequences to his health, and therefore to his usefulness, must ensue, if he disregarded the doctor's commands, made him leave her, "dragging at each remove a lengthening chain." But as the English shores receded from his sight, his heart sadly echoed the weird and

touching farewells he witnessed at Queenstown between the poor Irish emigrants and their kith and kin, and vague and dark forebodings filled him as he listened to their wild sad parting cries.

The voyage worked wonders, and he returned quite restored, and punctually to his promised time, to find his Mother waiting for him, ready and anxious, when she had once again seen her children, to slip the burden of her earthly life. Her strength had, during all this time, been gradually and surely ebbing away. All fear of the pangs of death had long since disappeared, the nearing certainty of Rest alone remaining to cheer her fading sight. She could say amid her suffering—

"These thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them;
This cup is loathsome, yet He makes it sweet;

My face is steadfast toward Jerusalem,
My heart remembers it."

Hour after hour and day after day would she lie on her bed, patiently looking out on the restless sea and listening to the ceaseless plash of its waves. Sometimes she would send reiterated messages of love and farewell to absent friends; still oftener would she repeat snatches of old hymns and texts full of sustaining comfort.

On the 16th of October 1875, her sorrowing children were all around her, saving the dear one in New Zealand, who was even then hurrying homeward, and oh, how peaceful, how happy, how smooth the way was made for this dying saint! "Evening came at last, serene and mild." No dying pang assailed her, no struggle vexed her, she had so often prayed to be spared this, and her prayer was

answered to the uttermost. And so she passed, amid the breaking hearts and scalding tears of those who loved her, into the perfect happiness of her Lord.

"We looked, She was dead,
Her spirit had fled
Painless and swift as her own desire,
And the Soul, undrest
From its mortal vest,
Had stept in the car of heavenly fire.
And oh! how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon Her sight!"



Chapter IX.

" Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet as heretofore
Some summer morning?"

—C. LAMB.



IX.

LATE on a Saturday night, her sweet Spirit had winged its way Homeward; and, during the sad hours of the ensuing day, a touching request was made by her faithful sailors that they might be allowed to carry her body to the railway station on its removal to London. It is needless to say that their loving offer was gratefully accepted, and in the early dawn of a beautiful autumn morning, six of these good fellows, in their simple fishermen's garb, came

with reverent manner and grief-stained faces to fulfil their kindly wish. The road lay for a little in sight of the glorious sea, just then gilded by the rays of the rising sun, whilst a beautiful dappled sky arched overhead, as though preaching Heavenly Hope and a bright Future to those who now sorrowed.

As these fine simple-hearted men swung along with measured tread, their sacred burden on their shoulders, fisher-wives and children clustered at their doors to take a last farewell; and so the body of the old sailor's daughter was borne along, as she herself would have so dearly wished, by sailors' hands.

On arriving at St. George's Road, she was reverently placed in the library amongst the books she loved so well, and a few days after was laid to rest beside her little grandchild, in

a fair sheltered corner of the Brompton Cemetery, where pious loving hands still tend her grave.

Amongst her papers was found a series of last wishes to her children, some of which we here append, so that the picture of this loving soul may be the more complete—

"I, Edith Elizabeth Pym, wish my dear children to divide what I leave amongst them, with my fondest love, my last blessing, my prayer that God may keep you all and save your souls. I charge you all,—I beseech you all, before the great God to meet me in Heaven, there to join in the song of the Redeemed around the Throne of Jesus."

And then, after mentioning the little specific remembrances she wishes each to have, she adds—

"How dearly I have loved you all, you will not know on earth.

"I have prayed for you, my darlings, by name, night and morning. May my prayers for you all be answered in God's good time.

"When you read this, the hand now writing its last loving message will be in the grave, my ransomed Soul with my blessed Saviour, I humbly trust. May that loving Saviour be yours. My darlings, my darlings, farewell! A mother's long, loving, lingering farewell. We shall meet again. Seek the Lord while He may be found. Death cometh,—after that, the Judgment. It is your Mother's voice speaking and warning you all to flee from the wrath to come,—speaking to you from her grave,—the Mother who in life loved you all so dearly. Pray for the spirit of God to teach you.

"Do not forget me, pardon all I may have unwittingly done to give you pain. May the God of love and mercy bless you all abundantly, my dear, my beloved children, God bless you!

"And now I cannot close the envelope without again saying how I love and bless my boys for all their loving-kindness to me. My girls know how I love them, but words are poor to express the undying love I have for my boys. I said little, but every act of love and care sank deep into my heart. You made my life so happy. May God requite you sevenfold, and may your old Mother's undying love and blessing rest upon you all, my beloved children. Amen."

And then came the following touching lines which closed this lovely legacy to her children's grateful hearts—

"To My Children.

"Look on her, darlings, how peaceful her rest,
With her pale hands crossed on her cold calm breast.
Think of her, speak of her; ah! do not weep
For the weary one in her long last sleep.
Think of her kneeling at the Throne of Grace:
Think of her gazing on the Saviour's face!

"She will sorrow, suffer, and sin no more,—
The hard battle of life for her is o'er:
She hath joined the glorified ones above,
And is watching you all with eyes of love.

"'Tis so, 'He giveth His beloved sleep;'
And yet, my darlings, yet, I hear thee weep.
We shall all meet where God's Redeemed ones dwell,
To speak no more that bitter word, Farewell!
God guard thee, dears, till Life's last conflict o'er,
We meet again in Heaven, parting no more!"



Conclusion.



CONCLUSION.

AND now our labour of love is done. We have followed from childhood to the closing scene this faithful and dear servant of Christ. The memory of her is still, and ever will be, a sweet perfume in our homes. And it is sweet to remember with happy tears that with her "all is well," and that the pain and toil of earth's pilgrimage over, she sleeps the sleep of the "just made perfect."

We, who have yet to struggle on, there being for us perhaps many miles yet to traverse, will, strength-

ened and encouraged by her brave example, humbly strive to bring our little ones into the paths of peace and loveliness she so faithfully pointed out; and this being done, will await with patience and hope that promised re-union of spirits above, cheered by the thought that on high all our lost loved ones await our coming, and so will rest, content to abide awhile until "the day break and the shadows flee away!" So be it.

THE END.



"O Domine Deus, speravi in te:
O care mi Jesu nunc libera me:
In durâ catenâ, in miserâ poenâ,
Desidero te;
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me:"

—MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.




BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

